

U2  
3  
T7935 A2

P81.0418. (62)

# ORIENTATION 1977

## BALCONY SQUARE

VOL. 6 NO. 1

SCARBOROUGH COLLEGE—U. of T.

SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1977





# NEWSBOARD

## COLLEGE'S FIRST PRINCIPAL PASSES AWAY

(BS Press) — A. F. Wynne Plumptre, Principal of Scarborough College from 1965 to 1972, died of a cancer-related illness on June 29, 1977 in Ottawa.

In 1930 following his completion of an M.A. from Cambridge University under the guidance of John Maynard Keynes, Mr. Plumptre began his distinguished career as an Assistant Professor in Political Economy at the University of Toronto. Government service called him to Ottawa during the Second World War, when he served as secretary to the wartime prices and trade board.

Following a two year period as Associate Editor of *Saturday Night* magazine, Mr. Plumptre returned to government service where he held the following positions: Minister in the Canadian Delegation to NATO in Paris; assistant Deputy Minister, Department of Finance; and Executive Director of the *International Monetary Fund* (IMF).

In 1965 Mr. Plumptre was named Principal of Scarborough College. During the seven years of his principalship, the College grew from a sizeable hole in the ground to the present structure. The growing College's interests were particularly well served by Mr. Plumptre's financial and administrative experience.

Mr. Plumptre came to the College with a vision of what a college should be and the role it should play in the community. During his tenure, he developed and sustained excellent relations with elected officers and other officials of the municipality of Scarborough. He invested considerable time and energy in both Centennial College and Scarborough Centenary Hospital for which he served on the Board of Trustees.

Mr. Plumptre is remembered as the initiator of the Sunday Concert Series at Scarborough College, a supporter of the visual arts, including acquisitions and circulating exhibits, and developer of the natural beauty of the College site.

Above all, Mr. Plumptre will be remembered by faculty, staff and former students for his personal kindness which was always generously extended.

## AN IN-DEPTH STUDY

# THE CANADIAN ARMED FORCES

by Paul Seelig

Picture the man: Standing tall in the sun, at attention and with a hint of pride evident in his face. Resplendent in green he or she, one feels, is a credit to the group to which he or she belongs.

The above blurb sounds more like a description of a U.S. Forest Ranger or an airline stewardess than that of a member of Canada's Armed Forces; at least as most people see them. Actually most Canadians think very little about the Forces it seems because they get almost no attention in the media or in general conversation. Since it seems that little is being said lately, it is possible that the subject is not just another worn out old shoe, so to speak, and that maybe it is not an improper time to ask some questions like what are the Canadian Forces, what do they do, and whatever that may be, do they do it well? For the time being, we will concentrate on what they are and what they do, leaving other areas for a later date.

## "CANADA? WHAT'S THAT?"

Canada is not what one would describe as a major world power. It is classed as a medium power by those supposedly in the know about these things. In fact, Canada itself has no power since it is only a country and therefore inanimate. There are those smart alecks who will say that this is not how one measures the power of a country, but if this is the case then why do they insist on attributing the power to the country. If then we assume that when we speak of the power of a country and its greatness in same as a description of the amassed technology, manpower, and resources of the inhabitants of the country, I believe we will be ahead.

We, (funny how one tends to be possessive of the country in which one resides, isn't it?), are the second largest country in the world and yet almost all of Canada's population lives within 150 miles of the U.S. border. This is incomprehensible unless one

realizes that that is the maximum distance that the N.B.C. signal will carry Johnny Carson before it fades out entirely.

To patrol our large borders and to defend our national sovereignty (it is our identity we have been looking for the last 110 years not our sovereignty), an armed force of just over three per-cent of our population is maintained by the government.

In countries like the U.S.A. or the U.S.S.R., or in some European nations, this figure is quite practical, or even large; a force of 6.6 million men for the U.S. or the Soviets. Or 1.8 million for Britain, France or Germany. In Canada however, 3% of the population is only 75,000 people and in fact the Armed Forces consist of about 78,000 souls. Since not a lot of them are reformed customs agents, the size of our forces are not really a lot to patrol protect and defend a border the size of ours.

Well, it is argued, modern technology makes it possible for a relatively small group

to perform this function adequately. There are early warning systems, late warning systems, alarm clocks, and other suitable devices with which we may watch for whatever it is we are watching for at any given time. We have trains and boats and planes (to coin a phrase) to deliver us to the scene of any situational intrusion of our territorial integrity by persons or groups unspecified. Proponents of this argument seem to feel that a large force of men is also a waste of the taxpayer's money.

If this were the case we would probably only need a force of about 1000 men who simply watched modern screens for any untoward happening and who, in the event of an emergency, leaped into the last word in transport and arrived at the scene within minutes(?) of the event in question. (We will allow that brazen flashing of Laser pistols still remains the domain of Star Wars and Trek respectively.)

In order that this mythical state of national defense might come in to being however, several changes would have to be made in what has loosely been termed as the "equipment" of the Forces.

Imagine, with our present state of equipment, the group of heroic trouble-shooters after an alert. The klaxon sounds and the men scramble into action. They grab their personal weapons, usually surplus World War Two American or British arms, thoroughly field tested, worn out, and generally obsolete. A problem would likely arise as our heroes mount the outdated vehicles in order to be transported to the airfield. Since personnel carriers are also old and generally decrepit, it is not improbable that some would refuse to function despite all the loving care provided by

# TIME TO...

## SHUTTLE SERVICE

This service provides convenient, direct buses between the College and the St. George Campus for the academic purposes of the University.

Leaves College: 10:15 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 12:15 a.m., 1:15 p.m., 2:15 p.m., 3:15 p.m.  
Leaves King's 10:15 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 12:15 a.m.  
College Circle 1:15 p.m., 2:15 p.m., 3:15 p.m., 4:15 p.m.

## COMMUTER SERVICE

This facilitates connections with the Warden Subway Station, scheduled for mornings only.

Leaves College: 7:50 a.m.  
Leaves Warden: 8:23 a.m., 8:28 a.m., 8:35 a.m., 9:20 a.m.

Buses will also leave the Morningside/Kingston road intersection.

Leaves College: 8:20 a.m., 9:15 a.m., 10:15 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 3:15 p.m., 4:05 p.m., 5:05 p.m., 6:05 p.m.  
Leaves Morning: 8:30 a.m., 9:25 a.m., 10:25 a.m.  
Kingston Road 11:25 a.m., 2:30 p.m., 3:25 p.m., 4:15 p.m., 5:15 p.m., 6:15 p.m.

Connection can be made with TTC bus No. 86C from Warden Subway Station.

## HEALTH SERVICES ROOM S-304

### Nurse on Duty:

Mon.-Fri., from 9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m.

### Physician on duty:

Mon.-Fri., from 10:00 a.m.-11:30 a.m. and 2:00 p.m.-3:30 p.m.

### Psychiatrists Available

by appointment only. Phone 284-3303

## SCARBOROUGH COLLEGE LIBRARY

Monday-Thursday: 8:45 a.m.-10:30 p.m.  
Friday: 8:45 a.m.-5:00 p.m.  
Saturday: 10:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m.  
Sunday: 1:00 p.m.-5:00 p.m.

## THE WRITING LAB ROOM R-5223

Monday to Friday: 10:00 a.m.-12:00 noon  
2:00 p.m.-5:00 p.m.

## SCARBOROUGH COLLEGE CAFETERIA

### H-WING

Monday to Thursday: 8:00 a.m.-9:00 p.m.  
Friday: 8:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.

### R-WING

Monday to Friday: 8:00 a.m.-3:30 p.m.

## SCARBOROUGH COLLEGE PUB

Monday to Friday: 12 noon-12 midnight  
on dance nights, which are usually Fridays:  
12 noon-6 p.m.

## BOOKSTORE

Monday to Friday: 8:45 a.m.-5:00 p.m.  
Open two evenings a week on an alternating basis. Check outside bookstore for days.

# Index

THE DUBIOUS JOYS OF MOVING .....	3
THE SAC SEX-AID CENTRE .....	5
EDITOR'S CORNER AND LETTERS .....	6
INTERVIEW WITH: SUPERTRAMP .....	8
MUSIC REVIEWS .....	8-11
FEATURES	
THE 1977 S.L.I., by Stu Henderson .....	7
THE CANADIAN FORCES, by Paul Seelig .....	11

## COVER PHOTO

Flautist **Charlie Carron** by Kraig Harris  
CANON AE-1 1/1000 at f8.0  
On KODAK TRI-X PAN FILM rated at IE 1600.  
Custom developed in D-76, straight 12 min. at 68°F.  
Printed on POLYCONTRAST RCN paper

motherly mechanics. This unfortunate hypothesis would reduce the effective force by several men at least.

The remainder need not feel deserted however, since the laggards will likely catch up at the air-base while they wait, (not without impatience it might be added since there is after all an emergency in progress and the nation depends on these stalwarts,) until the mechanics are able to find several of the elite Hercules or Cosmos Corps

of propeller planes which are functioning at an efficiency rating sufficient to lumber into the air.

Assuming then that the unspecified emergency will not likely take place within easy walking distance of the National Defence Centre, (located under a stand of Pines somewhere south of Hudsons Bay and found only on Reid Paper Company Maps?), it will be up to ten (count the miles at 200

Continued on Page 11

During the next few years,  
you'll open a lot of important books.



CANADIAN IMPERIAL  
BANK OF COMMERCE

Scarborough College  
Branch

This should be one of them.



## THE DUBIOUS JOYS OF MOVING

By ANNE HOLLAND

August has just ended, and we've gone through the first week of September. What does this mean? It means that a lot of us have just experienced that most traumatic of occurrences: Moving.

Most of us remember moving at one time or another during our childhood. Then, it was fun; a really exciting game. First, Daddy put a sign on the lawn; some strange people wandered through your house; and suddenly, all the furniture was being removed, and you were whisked away to another place. You met new friends, went to a new school. Very amusing.

But here's the bad news: it's not so amusing when you're a "grown-up". (That's right. College students are, technically, "grown-ups"). First of all, unless you just won a lottery, it's not a house you're moving to, it's an apartment. And, you're not sitting back while someone else does everything. You have to make all the arrangements

You have to cope with the hundreds of hassles involved in changing your residence from one place to another.

First of all, comes the actual decision that it is time you moved. There can be many reasons for making it: you've run out of money, you've come into money, or you've just discovered that you're going to have another mouth to feed.

If you are lucky, your lease will be up at just about the time you want to move. However, if your luck runs from below-average to poor, like most of us, you will find yourself having to sublet.

A sneaky way to get around this, of course, is to throw a lease-breaking party. Simply invite the members of SCSC Media to a little get-together, and you should have no problem.

When all that is accomplished, you must go apartment-hunting. This is a lot of fun. You scan the papers desperately, looking for something beautiful at a dream price. Of course, it doesn't exist. Especially fun is trying to decipher the ads.

Who knows what "W. Exp. 2 br. w/b&msc.fix." means?

Finally, you find that apartment you've been looking for. Just the right amount of space, at a reasonable price. You're willing to overlook the stains on the super's undershirt, and the torn wallpaper. Then the news comes like a ton of bricks: there is a salary requirement. "You cannot live here unless you make less than \$10,128.87 or more than \$10,128.88 per year."

Of course, you are allowed to include the incomes of all your dependents. Since all you make is about \$3,500, you scramble frantically to get in everyone's salary you know, including your little brother's paper route.

Finally you squeeze over the hurdle. Then comes the ultimate joy: the Big Move! When you are packing up, you cannot believe all the junk that one can accumulate in a relatively short time. You uncover things you had long since forgotten about. ("Why, so that's what

Continued on page 10

## OH, SAP!!

By GRANT EDWARDS

Almost everyone who's anyone knows what the letters OSAP stand for. Or, think they do! OSAP is short for the Ontario Student Assistance Programme, right? Wrong.

O stands for Ontario, and you're the SAP!

Suppose that, like every good applicant, you dutifully fill out the forms (almost telling the truth). After a brief wait, which is usually 8 or 9 months, you receive a statement of assessment that tells you how much money they figure you need.

For simplicity's sake, let's say you get \$1,200. Under the current system, the first \$1,000 is loan, and the rest is grant (no relation).

Instantly producing your \$4.68 Consumer's Distributing calculator that has 5 functions — including the ability to spell "Shell Oil", you punch the right numbers and turn it upside down —, you will find that by not eating in months with an "R" in them, part of this money can be used for (Gawd Faurbid!) other purposes... like a trip to the Bahamas!

Without realizing it, you've just borrowed \$1,000 for a trip that will probably cost you about \$700.

Now, this is where they've gotcha, because now you've got the dreaded disease called "The Travel Bug".

(By the way, don't worry about the other \$500 because it gets spent somehow... usually in an anonymous contribution to Labatt's, or a suntan chanty)

Now, you're taking a trip a year that costs you less than the amount you've

borrowed. If you go to University for four years, then upon graduation you find yourself about four grand in the red. But even people who go to Erindale realize that you just don't make the kind of money necessary to pay back that loan with just a B.A. (Rumour has it that better paying jobs require greater education; go ask a plumber.)

So, after many more years of hard work, research (and suntans), you are now confident that you can earn enough "OUTSIDE" to pay back that \$4,000 debt without too much trouble. The only problem is that you now owe \$10,000 to Willie Nillie Davis & Co.

Not too many people know what happens to those poor SAPs who get into this fix, but I do.

(... We interrupt this article to ask that the weak of heart stop here and read some other article...)

William the Conqueror (as he is affectionately known) sends out Tory MPP Otto

Jelinek to figure skate on your face; then they send your body to Brantford to be carved into souvenir Totem Poles.

Why does the Provincial Government do this? Well, there are several reasons.

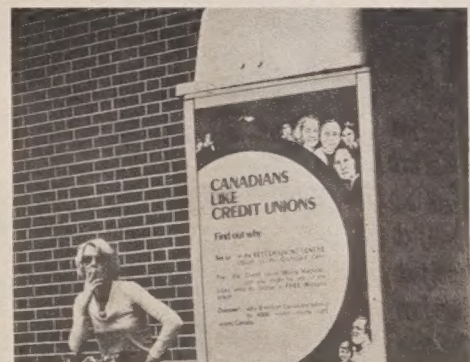
Ignoring any shady deals between Davis and the various Caribbean Departments of Travel and Tourism, there is the treaty between the Conservatives and the Six Nations Indian Reserve that allows the government to pollute the rivers and spoil the fishing in exchange for souvenir building materials. It is also an attempt to try to shrink the ranks of university students who clamour for space in a post-secondary school system that is not large enough to educate all who desire it to.

The other reason is that Harry Parrott is an S & M freak. That's right! He likes to watch people squirm while having piroettes done on their noses. He even wears fish hooks in his Jockey Shorts.

Needless to say, students nowadays don't stand a chance.



Moving: A circus in disguise



OSAP: A credit union in disguise, or just plain garbage?

## The Sheer Joy Of The SAC OPEN HOUSE



Sit Down  
And  
Relax

Loosen Up A Bit  
And  
Have Some Fun  
With Friends

— FREE GOODIES —

11:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m., SEPT. 6th

The SAC OFFICE in the  
RECREATION WING, Room R 2000

TICKETS TO ALL SAC EVENTS  
AVAILABLE AT THE SAC OFFICE

Brought to you by  
Your Students' Administrative Council  
The Recreation Wing, Scarborough, 12 Hart House, St. George Campus  
and the Crossroads Building, Erindale



# SAC

## Campus Week



MARTY  
FELDMAN



DOM  
DeLUISE

Thurs. Sept. 15 Erindale College Rm. 292  
Fri. Sept. 16 Scarborough College Rm. H216  
Sat. Sept. 17 St. George Med Sci Auditorium

**Cinema Gratis**

### TRI CAMPUS PUB

#### DOWNCHILD

Dr. John's (U.C. refectory)

#### LISA HARTT

Erindale

#### NITEHAWK

Scarborough

Friday Sept. 16



Jays VS Baltimore.

Thurs. Sept. 15. 7:30 p.m.

Exhibition Stadium

Pregame Pub U.C. refectory

**JAYS ~ BLUES**  
**Ticket Package**  
**\$2.00**

Available at SAC offices  
& Sid Smith Info desk



Varsity Blues VS Laurier

Sat. Sept. 17. 2:00 p.m.

Varsity Stadium

Postgame pub U.C. refectory

### J.J. Cale Saturday Sept. 24

2 shows 6:30 & 9:30 p.m.

\$6.75 advance general admission

\$5.00 advance U of T students

\$7.50 at the door

### Jean-Luc Ponty

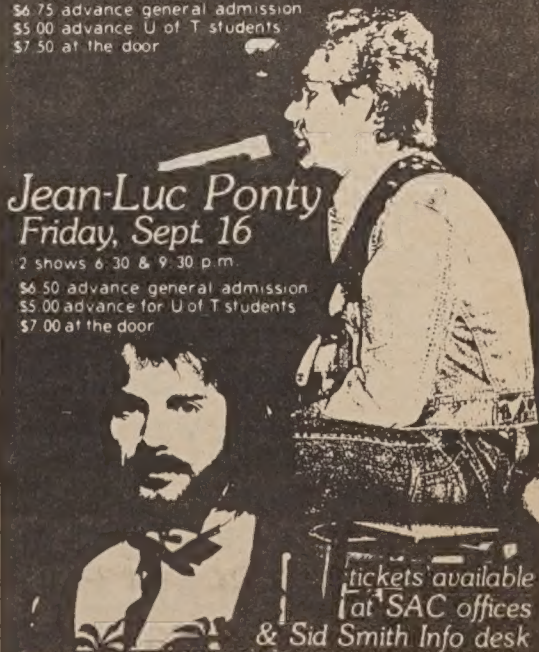
Friday, Sept. 16

2 shows 6:30 & 9:30 p.m.

\$6.50 advance general admission

\$5.00 advance for U of T students

\$7.00 at the door



tickets available  
at SAC offices  
& Sid Smith Info desk

**CONVOCATION HALL**



## DROP IN BEFORE YOU NEED TO

By NETTUCE CRONISH

Sexuality has been defined by authoritative books written by experts (male) who presume to tell us how we feel. The time has come to redefine our sexuality and to come to terms with our personal lives, especially the way we intend to live them.

It was so easy to become submerged in this cultured idea of what I was supposed to be. Losing touch with what I felt was the first step. All my feelings were tossed aside when the sexual revolution began. My female sexuality was acknowledged as the counterpoint of male sexuality. I never dreamt I could have a sexuality of my own. So few channels existed for communication on the subject. There I was, out of touch with myself, with others. No feelings about sex. Today, there is a sexual education centre on the downtown campus. Many students are not aware of its purpose. The title should be self-explanatory. When I was trying to cope with my sexual problems there was no one to

turn to. So many people have difficulty coping with their own sexuality. Can you remember high school health classes? If they were similar to mine, one graduated in a sexual fog. Not being "in the know" can be an embarrassment. I never was very good at field maneuvers. Somehow you are regarded as a socially undesirable partner. Often, all one needs is a little human information. Orgasmic, eh?

The volunteer counsellors participate in a 40 hour training program. It involves seminars and films on birth control, abortion, homosexuality, sexual therapy, the role between a counsellor and a therapist.

The purpose of counselling is to understand the nature of the problem. Once the problem has been identified, the counsellor can decide if he can provide the necessary solution. If the counsellor considers the problems out of his depth there is a list of sexual therapists one can refer to. And, may I add, all the therapists have been

personally interviewed by the Sex. Ed. staff. They also have practical information concerning prices (OHIP), physical setting, personal philosophy, about each therapist on referral.

The volunteer counsellors consist of 25 people who want to learn about human sexuality. Experience isn't important. If you are interested in volunteering to be a counsellor, they would appreciate your help. They would like to reach the student community, especially those students from different cultures and countries. It would be very practical to have as many counsellors of different nationalities to cope with as large a student community as exists at U of T. Minimum of 3 hours a week per counsellor. There is a wealth of resource material to explore. Books, pamphlets, flyers, and magazines are available. If you don't want to talk about it, then read about it.

The current head of the centre, Molly Yeomans, is a perfect example of that old stereotype expression "beauty with brains". She has headed the centre since its birth last March. She is as informative a resource person as we will ever have. She knows her subject and has an admirable easy-going nature.

The Sexual Education Centre is located at 44 St. George, Second Floor. Training sessions begin October 1. There will be an answering service (978-3977) because office hours are yet to be arranged. Drop in before you need to. It's not a fear of flying but a fear of topic.



You're not the only one who has troubles; most of us do.

## WHO'S ON FIRST....

By GRANT EDWARDS

Scarborough College is an easy place to get to know. The three wings are lettered to inform students of the various academic divisions that exist, the rooms are all numbered (and in sequence, almost), and the labs, lecture theatres, and professor's offices are all clearly differentiated.

As a result, the College Administration has put their heads together to come up with a way of making student's lives a bit less mundane and ordinary. That is to say they have decided to play musical chairs with some of Scarberia's older institutions.

Earlier this year, the College's Printing Department was found to be a fire hazard, so it was decided to expand it. Being located on the second floor of the S-wing (around the corner from the Meeting Place), and

limited in which way to move, Glenn Toombs was told to "... go East young man." Radio Scarborough, CJSR, was nudged into what was the Balcony Square office (S-204) and the College rag was shoved into the hall. Homeless, the BS Press searched far and wide for space, finally settling in R-3026. (It would be fair to note that the former occupant, a professor, gave up without a skirmish.)

While all this was going on, the Powers-That-Be were "faced" with yet another problem. Professor Salus, who is no longer the man he used to be, needed an office. As a result, SCSC was made an impressive offer which President John Shalagan jumped at (or fell into): In exchange for its previous office (S-203B), provisions would be made and the necessary work done to make ready an area previously known as the third floor

gallery in the R-wing (R-3042) and the space below it, which used to house lockers. Upstairs would be the offices, the guts of your Students' Council, while downstairs one could find the typing room and a commons room. Then, in the wink of an eye (of a fish), it was done.

For those of you with scorecards, here's the scoop: The Printing Dept. has expanded but stayed where it was. This moved CJSR into the old Balcony Square office but the room number didn't change. (Don't ask.) Balcony Square saw that SCSC was moving to R-3042 and wanted to be close by. They are now in R-3026. Professor Salus moved into S-302B to fill the space left vacant by the Happy Gang.

Let's hope that this clears Administration's heads as much as a good movement clears mine.

## MEDIA CHIPPINGS

By DON ARCHER

I've often had a thought that made a profound impression on me. The way I remember, it goes something like this: what gives reporters the right to transmit news and information to their readers? Its disturbing when you realize that, as a reporter, you merely gather facts and observe. Then you report! Unfortunately, everything you see or hear is processed through a screen comprised of your upbringing, your religion, race, sex, age, cultural background and any likes or dislikes that are uniquely your own. All the noble illusions about objectivity

disappear. A reporter is not suited to be a witness to events.

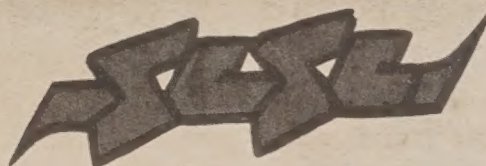
I would still hate to be called an "objective" journalist; but I am a writer and a person, possessing all those human faults and frailties.

As a writer, I am committed to something called the truth. The problem is that as a person my commitment is to people. The more I became involved with people, it seemed to me that I couldn't tell the truth without hurting someone in some way. The first awareness I had of this problem was during my tenure as editor of Balcony Square. Last year, as you

may remember, the student government at Scarborough College was plagued with infighting, mismanagement and general unpleasantness. As a journalist, I was obliged to cover the events but as a person I was caught up in them. I found myself having to edit articles written about a situation I was deeply involved with. Overall, the experience was alternately fascinating, horrifying, and hilarious.

I cannot excuse the fact that I am not totally objective either as a reporter or as a person. I think most of us in this uncomfortable position worry too much

Continued on page 10



## SERVICES COMMISSION

presents

## PINBALL A O1Y

pre-requisite; quarters and fingers

A COURSE DESIGNED TO KEEP STUDENTS  
THINKING!

10 pinball machines ready for action

LOCATION: the SCSC COMMON ROOM  
2nd Floor, R-WING



# BALCONY SQUARE

**Editor**  
**Managing Editor**  
**Art Director**  
**Photo Director**  
**Contributing Editors**

**Processing Assistant**  
**Advertising Manager**  
**Advertising Phone**

Dennis Schilling  
 Anne Holland  
 Scott Richardson  
 Kraig Harris  
 Nettuce Cronish  
 Don Archer  
 Jim Buttle  
 Cindy Grant  
 Curtis Sahadath  
 284-3147

The opinions expressed in this newspaper are not necessarily those of the publisher, the Scarborough College Students' Council (SCSC). Balcony Square is published on alternate Wednesdays. Any submissions for publication or inquiries should be directed to: The Editor, Balcony Square, Room R-3026. The telephone number is 284-3145.

## EDITOR'S CORNER

Balcony Square is the Scarborough College students' newspaper. An easy enough fact to understand, but one which demands more explanation to grasp the real feeling behind it, wouldn't you say?

Many student newspapers have become political vehicles for the small cliques which hold the power positions within them. They can either preach the virtues of student radicalism, or else idolize the infallibility of administrative power inside the institution. Examples for both can be found by simply picking up other student publications which can be found both on this campus, as well as the St. George Campus.

Balcony Square has probably been a member of both aforementioned classifications in the past. Unfortunately, the appeal of such things as student politics and administrative bureaucracy do not seem to really have a place here, because in the long run they detract from the real purpose. We are all here to learn, part of a maturing process which involves interaction with other people. Without this function, university becomes a boring and sterile place to waste three or four years.

Throughout this year, Balcony Square should ideally be a source of interaction. It should be something that students refer to as an opportunity for expression and for divulsion of their knowledge — a place where you can voice your opinion, express your point of view or just apply your talents. But, even more than that, it should be a means of becoming acquainted with fellow students — be it on a personal or totally indirect level. I guess the best word to describe what I am trying to express is **INVOLVEMENT**.

In the end, some may find that the energy filtered into a proposition such as Balcony Square might be too much to handle. That is understandable, since tolerance and intensity levels vary with each person. More than likely, though, those who do get involved should find the experience not only enlightening, but very enjoyable.

So, come on down and meet a bunch of good people; they could be amongst those who are sitting next to you this very minute. We guarantee you won't regret the party!

Dennis Schilling  
 Editor



"May She Ever Thrive-O!"  
 University of Toronto Varsity Blues  
 1877-1977

How does one begin to recount the story associated with 100 years of organized football at the University of Toronto? As the University is in the midst of celebrating its Sesquicentennial, it has the honour of revelling in the fact that it has offered a football program for a century.

The distinction which accompanies the honour may never match that which goes with celebrating a 150th anniversary, but it is nevertheless one which the university can look back on with much pride. Football holds a place in the history books at the U. of T., because so many of

its students excelled at the sport, as illustrated by the variety of championships which the Varsity Blues have gained through the period: the Yates Cup, the Vanier Cup, and the granddaddy of them all, the Grey Cup.

However, it is important to remember that this excellence has always been attained while a variety of students have maintained high academic standards. Many of the Varsity Blues' greatest players have gone on to make erstwhile contributions to society outside the sport. Names as notable now as Lester B. Pearson, Hec Creighton, John Evans, Fraser Mustard, Roy



Varsity Blues at home in the 50's.

McMurtry, Rev. Bob Rumball and William Davis.

Meanwhile, others have had the opportunity to

pursue professional careers in football — Nick MacFarlane, Bill Bewley, Volpe, Ted Toogood, Baz Mackie, Gerry

Sternberg, Mike Eben and Cor Doret.

Tradition has always dictated that the sport and academic life go hand in hand. It is nice to see that this legacy remains to this day. It is pleasantly surprising to see that the University of Toronto Varsity Blues have not followed suit with some Canadian universities and most of those in the United States. Ultimately, it allows for most of us to give credit where it is due. So, hats off to the University of Toronto's celebration of 100 years of organized football.

Dennis Schilling

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

As I see that the submission date for Balcony Square has come and gone, I hope that this letter will be able to be published sometime in a future issue. You see, as a fourth year student at Scarborough College, I have become extremely concerned with the totally apathetic stance of the student population in general, at the University. As I look over the years which I have spent in this institution, I find that things have regressed from bad to worse. I am sure that you, as the head of a student activity of some note, have found this problem to be more aggravating than it could be for me.

I wish I could answer all the questions: the why and wherefore associated with

this phenomenon. But, alas, I can't. I have become a victim of the wave which has carried apathy through the student ranks in my previous three years here. And, I believe that Balcony Square, CKSR and the Students' Council should and must shoulder some of the blame.

Last year's situation is one which could best illustrate my point. Without mentioning names, I found that those who held responsible positions were not as mature as what might be expected... especially for somebody who sought those posts, guaranteeing honesty and hard work. They were here to look after our interests, yet they failed to do so, seemingly in favor of stacking all the profits up on their side.

The reason that I'm

writing is that, well, what guarantee do we have that the same situation won't arise again? Everytime something worse happens, students lose more and more confidence and trust for those whom they hoped would provide better leadership. And, with it, interest in the various activities associated with student organizations. Is there any hope?

Jane MacLeod  
 4th year Sciences

This year's Students' Council shows some hope. We are optimistic here, just as you should be. As for Balcony Square, last year's situation did get out of hand. We don't want to get involved with student politics this year, that's not our purpose.

## BALCONY SQUARE

**FIRST GENERAL MEETING**  
**MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th at 2 P.M.**  
**ROOM R-3026**

All those interested in writing, contributing art, or generally helping out are encouraged to attend this first meeting. Free coffee will be served! So, come in and join us!

**SCSC MEDIA**  
**PHOTO DEPARTMENT**  
**MEMBERSHIPS NOW BEING ACCEPTED**  
**\$10.00 FEE**

Includes use of facility and chemicals — bring your paper

PLEASE CONTACT DARKROOM MANAGER  
**ROOM S-204A or SCSC OFFICE R-3042**

Those interested in becoming involved with the BALCONY SQUARE Photo Dept. should also contact Kraig Harris at above areas.



## SLI 1977: SUCCESS OR FAILURE?

By STU HENDERSON

The official brochures describe the Summer Language Institute (SLI) at Scarborough College as a way of learning French — in a completely French atmosphere — without leaving Toronto. Bursaries are available from the federal government on a first-come first-serve basis and, to further sweeten the pot, the University offers one and one half credits to eligible students.

The publicity for the SLI is widely distributed and very effective. During the six week course one meets people from Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia, California, Oregon, Ohio and New York. There are in addition a majority of students who live in Southern Ontario, and a fair number who, during the year, are students at Scarborough College.

The '77 session of the SLI was to be different from its

"maitre de soiree" responsible for planning and hosting the several small parties around which the SLI social life revolved.

The organizational changes of '77 greatly reduced the new Director's role. Prof. Kirkness assumed the responsibilities for the administration of the course only. With Prof. Migneault retaining control of research, the social or day to day activities or running of the course was delegated to Prof. Alain Thomas. Mr. Thomas, as well as having experience with the Scarborough SLI, had formerly been in charge of the summer language programme at York University's Glendon College.

As usual, the SLI people were billeted in A block (with extras in B7 and 8, E8 and 9 and D1 and 2) of the Student village. This was to allow them to form their own community within a community, and to be effectively isolated from anglophone

cuisine, etc. These classes are conducted in French, and bursary students are required to enrol in a certain number of them. These activities as well as some sports, were taught mainly by the animateurs. The entire system was designed to provide each student with class and recreational activities in French and (by use of monitors) to ensure that they would not revert to English when they returned to their residences. Most important, the entire exercise was to be carried out in a holiday-like atmosphere, where the students would learn and retain some 2000 French words without being conscious of actually working and studying. This was the prime reason for the number and variety of the recreation courses. The system, as designed, would have been effective — as it apparently had been during the '75 and '76 sessions — had it been followed. In the '77 session, however, the

changed their minds, and her performance and conduct more than compensated for her absences. Monique did not join the club at A-1, but stayed at her own house.

There, she reviewed homework, corrected pronunciation, and was generally there to speak French with anyone who wanted to. But apparently this idyllic relationship was not approved of by her employers. One evening, during an SLI soiree, she was called outside and asked to account for her absences. When she explained that it was part of her job, she was asked just what sort of job was it that she had? This example of urbanity and wit was followed by the ringing accusation that she was not participating properly in the sports activities and specifically, that she had not been playing enough volleyball! Scratch the morale of one animatrice and some dozen students, and add another grim joke to the growing repertoire: Monday 0700 hours: Compulsory Volleyball.

Three weeks after the 6-week course had started, a new "activity" was announced: the SLI was producing a miniature yearbook. Students were asked to join the staff, and their performance would count as part of the final mark in their 1/2 credit. The book was to be composed of text and photos, all written and taken by students, who were also to be responsible for layout, printing and collation. A budget of \$300.00 was allocated, and a deadline set of two and a half weeks. A new animatrice was hired and assured that there would be an abundance of people who would want to contribute. At the first meeting, ten students showed up; at the second meeting there were eight.

The animatrice, Karen Knapp, had had no previous experience in journalism and, like Monique, had a full-time job to contend with. At the end of two weeks, a very small magazine (composed of several loose sheets of paper and exposed rolls of film) had been collected and had to be transferred into book form. The actual production was done by the three students who, along with the animatrice, spent three days and nights of a supposedly holiday weekend labouring over photo chemistry and Gestetner printing machines. It was obvious that the finished product was completed under constraints of budget, time, and manpower. It was by no means professional in any sense of the word with the exception

Continued on page 10

## OH JESUS, I DIDN'T WANT TO DO THIS!

By O.J. Michael Griffin

I hate deadlines. In fact, given my choice between meeting a deadline and having a root canal, I would probably choose the latter. The deadline for the first issue of *Balcony Square* was August 30th. Most would assume that with a whole summer to write this article I would have no problem meeting this deadline. Wrong again! Hence, Dennis and Scottie are out luncheoning in honour of 100 years of the Varsity Blues, (the football team, not the feeling one gets while reading the Varsity) and Don is in the Pub, I am in the newspaper office typing my damn column. Nice huh? To add to my problems, there is a fly in the room which thinks my nose is its home. My assignment was to review the Ontario Provincial Election and describe how it will affect university students. I bet that there are lots of first year politicians who would give their eye teeth for such an assignment. Since my eye teeth have been pulled for "orthodontic" reasons I should not have to produce according to the editor's dictates.

"What did I do on my summer vacation", or "how not to fulfill one's assigned tasks." Summer started out reasonably slowly. In May, I finished exams, moved into my first "home with mommy", started work, started an extension course, and of course, signed on to work for my local candidate in the provincial election. May was dull. June was spent performing such dull tasks as assembling assemble-it-yourself furniture, painting, working at work, reading for school at work, and attending lectures, not to mention knocking on doors for my local candidate. June was topped off when I watched, as my local can-

didate lost. But, that was alright because virtually everybody I counted on winning had lost. July and August shall remain unchronicled. Simply re-read June, without the references to the election. Indeed, I did not refer to the election again in either month.

There were some things which I did on my summer vacation which were interesting, but why should I tell you now when I might need them in a future column. Instead, I shall pass on some small bits of wisdom which I gained by trying to find out what other people thought the spring election meant.

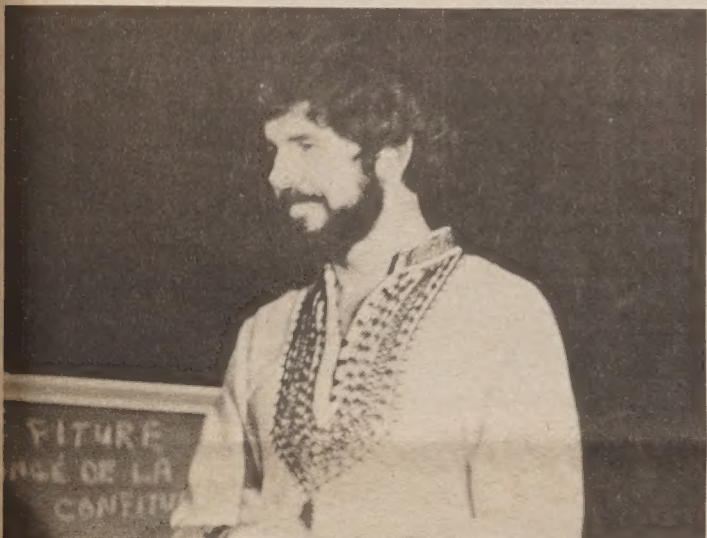
1) "Bill Davis should ignore his minority position and act as if he was in the majority." This of course is so full of shit that even the Tories wouldn't try to follow this course.

2) "This is the first time in history coming second can be called a victory." Well, the NDP insists that it is the second time. . . . But Stuart Smith certainly did not disappear into nothingness as both Tories and Socialists predicted. For proof of this, Dr. Smith will be at the College on October 20th.

3) "The NDP have no place to go but down." True, but for the wrong reasons. The loss of Stephen Lewis as leader will mean that the party will now suffer the fate of the Federal NDP. No one else in the NDP caucus could possibly fill Lewis' shoes. (As proof of this, one of the Leadership hopefuls will be in the College. Bet he underwhelms you.)

4) "The students in Ontario are going to get screwed at fees-paying time." And, the rest of the year.

So that's how I spent my summer vacation. How will you spend your vacation here in Scarberia?



Prof. Louis Migneault

predecessors in several ways. Scarborough professor Louis Migneault, who had headed the Institute for the past two summers, was now confining himself solely to research. The new Director was to be another Scarborough professor, John Kirkness, but here the similarity stopped.

As director, Prof. Migneault had assumed responsibility for research (the SLI is an experimental course), for administration for running some informal classes, or "activities", and also for what could best be described as being the

influences. To reinforce this community spirit a Francophone staff member (either a professor or an "animateur" — assistant) was billeted in each house. These people were to A) monitor the use of French inside the houses, B) to add to the students' working knowledge of French by engaging them in conversation whenever possible, and C) to generally contribute to the maintenance of a Francophone society.

As well as several hours of formal lessons each day, the SLI offers activities such as theatre, poetry, singing, art,

system was not only followed, but it was also abused in such a way as to adversely affect the desire to learn for many students. The mingling of staff and students — the reason for having monitors — did not occur. With a few notable exceptions, most of the staff could, in the evenings, be found outside A-1, where they would spend hours chatting among themselves. This was not an infrequent occurrence, and by the third week of the course, the students had their own stories of walking by the "cafe clique" hoping to pick up one or two new words of French.

Not every house had a Francophone living in it. For budget or administrative reasons, there did not seem to be enough to go around. The students in A 11 for instance did not meet their monitor until the end of the second week of the course. When the monitor did arrive, she explained that her regular job (with an advertising agency) would probably require that she spend a few days out of town, and also that, as her company was just finishing a marketing campaign from a prospective customer, she might be obliged to put in a few days of heavy overtime. This did not sit well with the five students of A11, but they thought that anything would be better than their present situation.

In a very short time, Monique (the monitor) had



"Politics, politics, politics. . ."



ONE FLIGHT HIGH  
46 BLOOR WEST  
TORONTO, CANADA  
921-6555

## HEADQUARTERS

FOR

UNIVERSITY of TORONTO  
JACKETS, SWEATSHIRTS  
AND TEE SHIRTS  
LEVI'S AND LEES' JEANS,  
CORDS AND SHIRTS



Lynn-Gold Clothes Ltd.

401 YONGE ST. (at Gerrard) TORONTO 200, ONT.  
PHONE 368-7729



## ENTERTAINMENT

## MUSIC

## BALCONY SQUARE IN CONVERSATION WITH SUPERTRAMP

By KEVIN BOURASSA  
© 1977

"About seven years ago," says John Helliwell, "Rick Davies, under the sponsorship of an eccentric Dutch millionaire, got together the first edition of Supertramp, which included Roger Hodgson." Today, Roger and Rick are the only original members left in the band, and also are the only two writers. "It went along for three or four years," continued John, "with various changes — they realized that the band wasn't quite right. The present line-up has been together for three-and-a-half years and we feel that it's the right one."

The British team, Supertramp, may indeed have the right line-up. Their past two albums have reached platinum status and are still selling strong. The demand for their newest album, *Even in the Quietest Moments*, led A & M Records to press an initial 100,000 copies, making it Supertramp's third consecutive platinum album.

The successful "line-up" that John talks about is made up of Richard Davies (Vocals, Keyboards), Roger Hodgson (Vocals, Keyboards, Guitars), Dougie Thompson (Bass), Bob C. Benberg (Drums, Percussion), and of course, John A. Helliwell (Vocals, Wind Instruments). Few of the members knew each other before joining Supertramp. Dougie and Roger both

joined after reading advertisements. Bob joined after the group had seen him working with another band. John was one of the last to join Supertramp. "I played for quite a few years in England," explained John, "in a band called the Allenbown. We made about five albums. We were quite successful in the clubs and in actual fact, Dougie Thompson was in that band for a few months. That's how I met up with him and subsequently with Supertramp."

After a few unsuccessful

attempts at reaching a large audience, Supertramp gave 1974 an album entitled *Crime of the Century*. John looks back at that album as the one that established Supertramp as a super group. "It was pretty good for its time and it made the mark that we wanted it to. We wanted to make a good impression on everybody. That being the first album that most people latched onto." It was a tight album with immaculate production provided by Ken Scott, the Beatles' original engineer.

No time was wasted in

getting another album out to a growing audience that was hungry for their music. In 1975, *Crisis? What Crisis?* hit the shelves of the record shops and once again Ken Scott looked after the production of the album. Although the album sold very well, there didn't seem to be any theme or concept tying the songs together as there had been in the previous album. "Crisis? What Crisis?" was a little rushed," says John. "We didn't have much time to prepare for it before we went into the studio, so that's

more of just a collection of songs."

The period between *Crisis? What Crisis?* and *Even in the Quietest Moments* was one of change and activity. The group took their music on the road and came through with a very successful tour. This was followed with a decision to re-locate the group's headquarters. With two platinum albums and a profitable tour behind them, the members of Supertramp were beginning to find themselves with a lot of cash on hand. The past has shown how artists in similar cir-

cumstances have fled Britain because of her harsh taxes. When asked if Supertramp had left for L.A. because of this, John replied that they left "partly because that's where A & M Records is, it's one of the centers of the music business. Bob the drummer is from Los Angeles and our manager's wife is from L.A. so we just kind of gravitated there. I'm not all that struck on the life style, especially in L.A., its even more exaggerated than other places in the States."

Perhaps the major change in the group's history was made on their newest album. The past two LP's had been produced by Ken Scott and some credit belonged to him for their huge success, so it came as a great surprise to many people when it was found that Supertramp had decided to do their own producing from now on. John explained, "We felt that we wanted to get out on our own. We had done two (albums) with Ken and he was co-producer and engineer as well. He is very good and we learnt a lot from him but we felt that the time was ripe."

It seems that Supertramp was right in thinking that they might be able to fill the enormous gap that Ken Scott would leave behind. *Even in the Quietest Moments* is probably their best effort and shows a refreshing change in their style but still can be recognize as having that distinguished

Continued on page 10



Left to right: Thomson, Benberg, Helliwell, Hodgson and Davies.

## FM: ANTICIPATION IN ROBOT VILLAGE

By Jim Buttle

At the commencement of this silly season known as the Winter Session, before minds become blocked by lab assignments and some of us head towards our 3rd-Year Nervous Breakdown, a pause may be in order for those who, like me, occasionally ponder future trends in rock music. Are there bands in existence today who by the turn of the century will have displayed enough innovations to generate new directions for rock music, or shall the next few years witness what is increasingly becoming a recycling of material? Are we to be given warmed-over Stones and Abba's Greatest Hits (or is it Fleetwood Mac? or maybe the Eagles?), or something different?

Such was my line of thought when I ventured to see the band F.M. at the Chimney in early August. I found my desired change of pace almost immediately in F.M.'s instrumental format which alone makes them unique among the "traditional" (and somewhat monotonous) guitar-bass-drums-based Toronto bar bands. F.M. consists of Nash the Slash (violin, mandolin, vocals and devices), Cameron Hawkins (bass, keyboards, vocals and devices) and Marty Deller (percussives); musicians with sufficient talent to escape the tedious confines of bar band rock and offer something more creative to their audience.

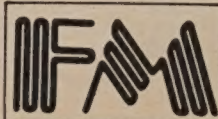

The result was quite simply the best club performance I have ever seen, and that includes Brand X's im-

pressive gigs at the El Mocambo in June. It was a performance more appropriate to a concert hall rather than the limitations of a Yonge Street club, as the intensity of these instrumentalists was conveyed to the audience by the crisp delivery and variety of aural textures that emerged from the speakers.

The show illustrated something of the relation of musical technology to what may be loosely termed art-rock. At its best it represents a balance between musician and technology, in which the electronic hardware allows the full presentations of the musician's skill and feel for his music. To go beyond that point is to enter the realm of mechanized sound, where the gadgetry overshadows the ability of the performer and now becomes the master. The song "Le Chien Andalou" (the group's soundtrack to Dali's film) saw the playback of Nash the Slash's rhythm electric mandolin, thus allowing him to take a lead line on the same instrument and surmount the limitations of a three-man group while also illustrating the use of technology to aid a performance. Yet at other times the electronic equipment appeared as an inconvenience forcing Nash to cope with monitor and phasing dials and knobs while playing mandolin or violin.

The band's material hints of a variety of influences, apparently culled to highlight not only their musical talents but also Hawkins' agreeable vocals and Nash the Slash's stage presence. Traces of electric jazz and Genesis surface intermittently, while, The Who and King Crimson also leave their mark, with F.M. doing a great version of Crimson's Starless. As well there was a visible streak of humour running throughout the performance as they played a number called Dialing for Dharma and began Le Chien Andalou with Nash whistling a rendition of the theme from "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly".

All of which meant that it wasn't until after the show that I returned to my earlier musings and sadly realized that F.M. is not the herald of a new wave in music but rather the logical continuation of the art-rock genre. Admittedly the band is at a crossroads as to the direction their music will take, and in a recent interview in Stage Life magazine Nash made the sweeping statement that "we are both capable of playing weirder than Robert Wyatt or more commercial than Peter Frampton." The forthcoming album may provide a clue as to which direction the band has chosen, although they have indicated the desirability of a commercial venture in order to highlight their more avant-garde material. Whatever the result, F.M. although very entertaining performers, have not set any new musical trends — yet.

# OM BUDS MAN

Available to all members of the University of Toronto:  
Student, Faculty or Administrative staff.

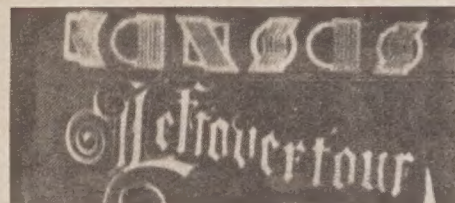
Office of the University Ombudsman, 16 Hart House Circle,  
University of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario M5S 1A1 978-4874

Members of the University at the Scarborough  
and Erindale Campuses may arrange to meet with  
the Ombudsman at their respective campuses.





## ENTERTAINMENT



Photos & Story By  
C. Scott Richardson  
with Craig P. Harris

Kansas has been slugging away at it since 1974, with the release of their first album, "Kansas". Known primarily in FM circles or the underground, this six-piece band out of their home town of Topeka continued to produce excellent music until the release of their hit single, "Carry On, Wayward Son". Finally they were getting the airplay and the recognition they so much deserved.

August 31, 1977: Exhibition Stadium: Kansas comes as a headliner (they had been here previously, opening for Queen, but were cancelled due to an illness on Queen's part). Fans who had been with the band since the beginning were in ecstasy. Finally someone they had had faith in was coming to show their stuff. And show they did!

April Wine opened the show. A poor choice by any stretch of the imagination. Basically R+R, very loud (oppressive), three chord, mindless rock. Not in the style of Kansas, not even close. But they did please the crowd (a point I will get into later).

Finally, after an excruciating hour of April Wine, complete with reminders of their live album recorded at the "Neon Palms" and shouts of "it's a good night to rock & roll!", the lights dimmed for Kansas.

There are ways to win a crowd, and there are WAYS! Opening the evening with "Carry On . . .", they started at a maximum, and just went on up the scale.

Full volume, but crystal clear, coupled with the tightest musicianship I have ever heard, Kansas came out storming, and did not let up for anyone. Following "Carry On . . ." with "Icarus" (from *Masque*) was only the beginning.

The highlight, if there could have been one at this level, had to be the band's rendering of "Magnum Opus" (from *Leftover Four*). Robby Steinhardt commented that this suite was one of the most enjoyable pieces to perform live because it changed each time.

Change it did, but only for the better. For those unfamiliar with Kansas, they are:

Robby Steinhardt	violins, vocals
Kerry Livgren	guitars, keyboards
Rich Williams	guitars
Dave Hope	bass
Phil Ehart	drums, percussion
Steve Walsh	keyboards, vocals

On an individual basis, all members shone in their own light at various points in the show. Special mention to Mr. Hart's soaring vocals, Mr. Williams' excellent acoustic work on "Cheyenne Anthem (*Leftover Four*)" and Mr. Steinhardt's encore violin solo.

All in all, one of the best concerts I have ever seen, and definitely the best at this year's Ex.

NOTE: the audience was a real disappointment. Consistently rowdy, they were generally rude and definitely ill-informed as to what they had paid to see. At one point, a sparkler flew to the stage at Livgren's feet, sending a roadie scurrying to save the guitarist from going up in flames. Very poor showing by a few.

## BOOK REVIEW

### BILINGUAL TODAY, FRENCH TOMORROW

By CHUCK CONLON

"A lifeguard sat idly by and watched somebody drown. When he was asked why he didn't swim out and save the drowning person he replied, 'Swim? Who can swim? I'm bilingual.'"

I have recently read a book entitled, *Bilingual Today, French Tomorrow*, by Jack V. Andrew, a retired Lieutenant Commander of the Canadian Armed Forces.

Mr. Andrew's thesis is that there is a political conspiracy occurring in Canada today, that is headed by the Prime Minister and has been enhanced by Gerard Pelletier. The purpose of this conspiracy is to convert Canada to a French-speaking nation. Mr. Andrew believes that if the conspiracy continues it will result in a civil war between the French and the English and "the best possible thing that can happen now, both for English-speaking Canada and for Quebec, is to see Quebec become a separate and totally independent country."

The opening quotation is

an excerpt from this book. He admits that it was a bad joke that was passing around Ottawa, but unfortunately it is just one example of the many all-encompassing generalizations that he makes. Others include "Most Canadian kids can't get serious enough to make it through school now in one language. Imagine them trying to do it in two." and another statement is to the effect that French store clerks decide whether or not their customer is French and then provide the appropriate service. Naturally Mr. Andrew thinks they treat the English poorly and the French well.

Mr. Andrew tries to support his arguments by stating that in 1975 the Liberal party, under the leadership of Mr. Trudeau, legislated total and permanent French control of 1) The Canadian Government Public (Civil) Service, 2) A number of Crown corporations, 3) Government Agencies and Commissions, and 4) the Canadian Armed

Forces and the RCMP.

He says this was achieved by declaring numerous positions bilingual, with the realization that only a few English-Canadians could speak French and that many French-Canadians could speak English, and through many other 'deceitful schemes'.

Although this argument may be true it is weakened by Mr. Andrew's refusal to deal with these specific occurrences in depth. His cop-out is that the mechanics of the conspiracy should be left for scholars to study. But without the details and facts it is difficult to convince anyone that this conspiracy really exists. The onus of proof I believe, is on the author to support his theory.

Mr. Andrew's sweeping generalizations and lack of in-depth analysis have left me with the feeling that my understanding of the relationship between the French and the English would have been better enhanced had I spent my time reading a different document on the subject.



Trudeau under fire again, this time from Jack V. Andrews.

## SCARBOROUGH CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

presents

### CORN ROAST

Wednesday, Sept. 14th at 5:30 P.M.  
(meet in front of the H-Wing)

FALL WEEKEND  
September 23rd to 25th  
Ganaraska Woods Farn

for further information, please call:

Barbara at 757-7019  
OR  
Brad at 293-7304

WATCH FOR POSTERS REGARDING OTHER ACTIVITIES



**Continued from page 3**  
happened to my best shirt!" you exclaim, digging, for the first time, to the bottom of the laundry hamper. You finally throw out all those mossy little glass jars that have gathered in the back of the fridge.

You kill yourself packing all your dishes ever so carefully, and then what happens? It's the only box the movers drop, naturally.

Movers. There's another tale of woe. First of all they charge so much hourly, that you could have hired a psychiatrist to move the boxes, and analyze your complex at the same time!

Then, they always turn out to be hopeless goons with two left feet and hands that drop things so often, you wonder if they aren't greased. They tell you they're coming at 8 a.m., and then they finally show at noon. And of course it always rains on moving day, even if it's in the middle of an all-time record drought.

Then you arrive at your new place and request the service elevator. Your super looks at you blankly:

"You're moving in today? I could'a sworn it was next Tuesday!"

Halfway up to your apartment, the elevator gets stuck. Of course this is the

biggest and last load, into which you've sandwiched yourself. When the Otis man comes four hours later, they have to use a crowbar to pry you out from between the sectional sofa and the Plexiglas coffee table.

As the movers leave, your hard-earned cash in their meaty (but no longer slippery) hands, you collapse happily on a pile of cartons, and begin to absorb your new environment.

Gradually you pick up on little things you never noticed before. The couple upstairs practice flamenco dancing at night, and don't own rugs. The guy next door is an Alice Cooper fan, and has taken to mooning in doorways with a rope around his neck.

Inside your place is even better. The fridge doesn't work, and the stove is smoking. The people who were there before you kept gerbils in the closet, and never cleaned. Altogether it is not the paradise you had thought it.

But in the long run it's worth it, isn't it? You wanted to do the impossible, and you accomplished it. Those insurmountable obstacles weren't really so bad, after all. Now if you could only figure out how to turn the heat of in July, and on in November...

**Continued from page 5**  
about what people will think and how what we write will affect the people. Really, the people are nothing more than an amorphous blob of individuals, most of whom disagree with each other. At least, I know that nothing I write matters in any real way to anything. Knowing this, I

still worry. I am a writer. I am a person. When I escape every now and then from my political leanings and my beliefs and find the truth, I feel satisfaction. Then I usually worry some more.

Don Archer was the editor of Balcony Square 1976-77.

**Continued from page 7**  
that it was completed by the deadline and was ready for distribution at the last dinner of the Institute. The magazine was not well-received. To the students who could not have known better, and to the staff and especially those in charge who should have known better, the flaws in production were seen as inexperience or inability on the part of the producers. The Director thanked Miss Knapp with a "Pas mal" ("not bad") and a kiss on the cheek. The following evening, when Mr. Thomas was thanking the members of the staff for all they had done to make this year's Institute a success. Karen Knapp was one of several names not included in the address. A final worry was discovered by her students a short while later: she had been doing the job solely for practice in speaking French and, unlike the other staff members, hadn't received a penny for her three weeks work.

The least and most blatant

**Continued from page 8**  
**Supertramp** touch. The album has cuts that range from the simple acoustical cut, "Downstream", to the epic "Fool's Overture". One can hear brilliant piano and velvety sax solos. If you listen close enough you can experience chirping birds and even an old war-time speech made by Churchill called "We Shall Never Surrender". Perhaps the best addition to the music is the use of voices as instruments in the band. In the beginning of *Even in the Quietest Moments* one can hear what Roger Hodgson calls his "um-m-m". In actual fact

example of the way the system was abused can best be illustrated by the attitude of Adele Safdie. Mr. Safdie was hired to teach at the second level (there were four levels at the Institute). Rather than follow the precept of learning without pressure on which the SLI had been based, he immediately started his class of twelve on a series of constant tests, written assignments, and exercises in memorization.

These were not merely control tests, which are standard form at the SLI, but were indicative of his concept of teaching French. While the other two groups on the same level were given time to enjoy the course, Mr. Safdie's class was burdened with extra assignments, extra tests, and were given virtually no free time to rest. This work load, while borne mostly in a stoic fashion, was the reason for one of his students (a recent Scarborough graduate with good marks) to quit the course in complete disgust — with only two weeks to go. The rest of

his class remained in the course, disgruntled, unhappy, tired, but still enrolled. In conversation, they say that perhaps they did learn more French than the other two classes at the same level — but they rush to point out that they did so at the expense of enjoying the course. Perhaps Mr. Safdie's abilities may have been better utilized at the Glendon Institute where the method of teaching is more aggressive — it would appear obvious that he certainly did not belong at Scarborough College.

This article is by no means a condemnation of the SLI. The Institute's concept is refreshing and its results are quite evident in the increase in vocabulary of virtually all its students. But there have been errors made this summer which were never made before and if the Institute is to continue as it was planned, these faults must not be allowed to return.

When Professor Migneault was director, there were complaints that he spread himself too thin, that he had

tried to be everywhere at once. Perhaps this was true but he was there, like Harry Truman, at the top, recognizable and unavoidable. And like Truman, his motto seemed to be "The Buck Stops Here". Perhaps the problem with the '77 session was that no one knew where the buck stopped — or for that matter who to give it to.

One cannot blame Messrs. Kirkness and Thomas, although it may be very tempting to do so. Neither is it correct to blame Prof. Migneault. Undoubtedly, there were very valid reasons for his giving up the Directorship. One can only hope for the sake of the SLI, and for the students who take this course, that all those truly concerned with the future and success of the Institute, get together to insure that the faults, abuses, and honest mistakes which occurred this session, are never repeated.

Stu Henderson is a former editor of Balcony Square.

some areas. In Canada we are reasonably popular so we thought we'd get the ball rolling here. We didn't need to have an album out for awhile before we could play here as we did in some parts of the States." That strategy proved to be right and if ticket sales in Canada are any indication of what might happen in the States, Supertramp will have one of the best tours to appear in '77.

With so much occurring on the music scene for Supertramp, you might wonder what they have planned for the future. Well, Supertramp is not a group that plans or

maps their time far in advance. There is talk about a live double album coming from their tour, but they are concentrating most of their thoughts on a more immediate problem: they're trying to decide on which continent they will end their string of SRO concerts. "We're trying," says John, "to see if the world is actually round or flat. If it's flat, then I suppose we will end it when we reach the edge, probably down by Australia."

Kevin Bourassa is a disc jockey with CFNY-FM.

# IAN DEAN, M.P.P. NDP LEADERSHIP CANDIDATE speaks on ONTARIO'S MINORITY GOVERNMENT STUDENTS, STAFF AND FACULTY WELCOME

**PLACE:** Scarborough College,  
Room R-3103

**TIME:** TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th  
12 NOON-2 P.M.

**ndp**



# MUSICAL MOVEMENTS

By Alexander "A. W." Waithe

Bienvenue everyone! This is the first year that the *Balcony Square* press will be featuring a column pertinent to persons who appreciate reggae, soul, calypso, pure and applied funk along with other inter-galactic forms of music.

Speaking of other forms of music, I checked out **Andre Gagnon** and **David Bradstreet** at the Forum (Ontario Place) last month. Mr. Bradstreet I had not heard before, and Mr. Gagnon I have just recently (one year now) been getting into.

After an hour of such songs as "From Here I See", "Renaissance", "Long Road" by Bradstreet accompanied by his Bassman, the audience was definitely relaxed and in the mood for a good evening. Andre Gagnon, accompanied by his ten-piece band, came on stage to heavy applause and immediately vibes were projected out from the stage. He began with "Projection", a cut from his 1973 album of the same name. He continued with two earlier classical pieces, then moved into "Surprise" and "La Samba". These last two are more up-tempo mixed with the inimitable classical leanings of Gagnon himself. I call "Ta Samba" disco-calypso-classical!

Gagnon then eased into "Douce Image", followed by "St. Laurent", a piece from his up-coming album. The song is about the St. Lawrence River, and as it progressed, one could feel

the movements, calm in some parts, rushing in others, reaching it's most serene yet rustic intensity at various points in Quebec.

**Andre Gagnon** is a superb entertainer. By the end of "Dedethoven", the audience was ready for anything he could give. He had them in his hands just as he had nimble control over his orchestra.

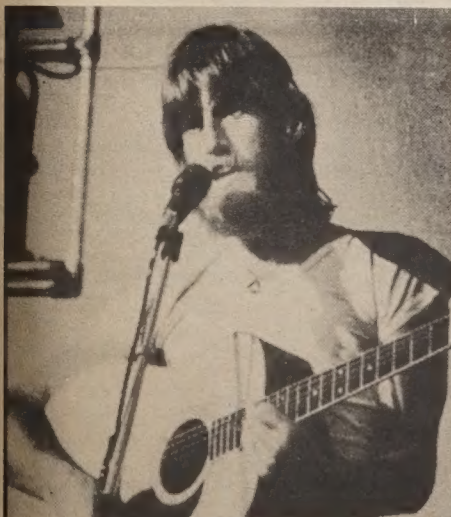
"You see, my nickname is Dede, and since I love Beethoven's works I decided to have some fun and compose *Dedethoven*, a little parody".

"Wow", his biggest hit in English Canada was next, followed by "Neiges", a very beautiful piece concerning the winters in Quebec. After this he played "what will be my next hit", "Piano In The Sun", the flipside of "Week-end".

Gagnon has a definitely unique sound. He plays piano, synthesizer and electric piano. The evening at the Forum he stuck to the piano and conducted his ten-piece orchestra which consisted of three violins, cello, a flautist, bass and rhythm guitarists, moog, timpani, and conga, plus drums.

Still, after two encores, the audience giving them a standing ovation wanted more.

Gagnon has eight albums of which "Nieges" is his best. All cuts on the album are composed, arranged and conducted by Gagnon. This last offering won him the 1976 Juno Award for the best selling Canadian album.



David Bradstreet

## MELVILLE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

on the hill across the valley from the college  
(Old Kingston Rd. and Manse Rd.)

WELCOMES SCARBOROUGH COLLEGE STUDENTS TO THE WEST HILL COMMUNITY

You are invited to worship on Sundays at 11:00 a.m.

The minister Rev. Wallace Whyte welcomes opportunities to meet students.

FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL  
282-7111 the church  
284-7338 the manse

"Reverence before the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. A good understanding have all those who practice it."  
Psalm 11:10

## BALCONY OBSERVER

# THE COLLEGE LIFE GUIDE

By Graham R. Wakefield

To ensure all of mankind appears equally imbecilic is far easier an accomplishment than to make each man equally clever.

This is more than mere mirrored logic, since equally stupid men are equally clever. One repugnant attribute of Mass Man is an intense jealousy of not only superiority, let alone genius, but of mere difference. That so many of whom we call the masses have given up the struggle to retain their individuality is on no account reason to deprive those who would retain individualism and hold tight onto their differences. The tendency of the masses is to coerce differently intelligent individuals to mime the facade of the majority found in society: the so-called *mean-average, statistical-norm*, decided upon by the *objective average*.

University is one of the last bastions of individualism. Yet, let not these impressive battlements seduce one into a false sense of security, for this institution is under constant assault. The very walls about you are continuously being undermined by rodents from within. The dangers from such gnawing creatures are not exclusively for those just commencing these best years of education, for the rodent's rabid bite may sink into anyone's calf, graduate and professor alike.

After the sultry summer's indolence, each of you must gird yourselves in readiness for the many Cures for World Woes offered to you by the plethora of student parties and movements. Once again you will be regaled by the new messiahs enticing you with the perfect panacea applicable to each and every one of us. Perhaps, as your widened eyes gaze over this page, you have before you a copy of the downtown organ, the *Varsity*. Glance through it now, and the weeks to come. Plunge yourself into the Marxist and socialistic columns which appear from time to time. Experiment. Snake out a tremulous tongue to lick the left-wing lollipop. Be warned though, such candies are heady concoctions, which burn painful cavities through one's reason.

Beware of your fellow students, for various diseases of the mind permeate madly among them. Warily must you tread between the subjective prejudices of those who are already part of the masses, as well as more fearful blights such as the Marxists and socialists. While Scarborough has been blessed by a relative lack of fanatics, there are Marxists to be found; imbedded like woodworms deep in the dark, dark corners of the college. Then again, one must not confuse such socialists with the more reasonable humanists, no matter by which name they would have themselves called. A concern for one's fellow man does not contradict one's belief in either individualism nor, in one's business life, in capitalism. Advancement on the basis of ability does not preclude a necessary minimum level of life for those unable to successfully compete.

Beware also of certain professors, for there will be some who have lost the will to struggle, to retain their individuality. Discuss this with them, you will find most willing to converse with you. Compare the world views found among your intelligentsia. There is a pestilent plague pervading the professors of this university: unionization — the hallmark of the masses. While I sincerely hope most of the professorial supporters are merely deluded through this bane's feverous haze, there may be those fatally stricken, whose beliefs are dangerously contagious. Question them, both among yourselves and before the unfortunate malefactor.

Mass man, in the guise of society, propagates a particular social outlook on what is known as the individual: he despises what he sees as aberration — objectively known as differences. It is only a short step from the rule of the masses to the totalitarian dictatorship of the leader. Such a dictatorship may be called fascist, communist, democratic or whatever may strike one's fancy. Only the most Draconian of measures will combat the snowball effect of the masses. Many of the individuals who have managed to enter this institution have proven their potential to be chosen as the future leaders of our society. The shapers of tomorrow must realize their individuality today. What then is the guide to life in the university environment?

Individuality requires spirit — a strong soul will to survive with one's own thoughts. To possess a great accumulation of facts is not to know. Constant questioning reveals a will to know, but not necessarily the ability for knowledge. To my mind, knowledge is the ability to relate various facts accumulated to all spheres of questioning and answering. In your intellectual endeavours with your various professors, feed on the will to know and to question, then relate all your courses into an individual, personal world-view. Only then does your "education" in this institution take on true value. Should the mass of students around you accept various facts as gospel, do not be deterred in your own personal questioning. The professors receive ample remuneration for their time here, stand up and force them to earn their salary. Demand that they rise to the intellectual heights of which each is capable. Use their learning and knowledge not as sacrosanct belief, but as the heat in which to temper your own thoughts.

Only when you the neophyte have braved the flames of contention will you have fully utilized their strength to start forging your own potential. Do not believe this questioning benefits you alone, for such a dialogue will also temper your professors. Just as their critical answers will anneal your own thoughts, so a reciprocal dousing will strengthen the beliefs of the teachers.

Mass man is continuously jealous of what is free and creative, since it means change and difference. Since they cannot break free of the unquestioning mold, the unthinking habit of following, the masses can only react to, but never instigate themselves. This can only leave envy against those able to see more than they. Certainly there must be a sufficient degree of co-operation between individuals, otherwise there can be no communication. By all means a community of individuals, but never a communism of the masses. Indeed, have a confederacy of students, and discuss your courses. A partnership in studies is mutually strengthening and uplifting. Take part in all the activities around you, participate, share in, lend yourselves to — all in all contribute of yourself to the university. Expose yourselves to the flames of conflict and contention. Denude yourselves of the social barriers from which you bar the singular, personal concepts of your own individuality. Strip away the stereotyped delusions propagated by the mass media for a mass audience. Bare yourselves to yourselves in new, novel thoughts.

The few years invested in this university are one's last chance to develop an unassailable individuality, strong enough to withstand the constant siren's call of the unthinking, irresponsible follower. Temper yourselves.

(Yes, I'm back!)

### In-depth study

Continued from Page 2  
M.P.H.) hours before they reach the spot.

By the time such a force could become effective in a medium power (us) without nuclear capability and much luck, we would be a province of whatever enemy wanted us, if in fact anyone actually does!

This little interlude is not intended as an opinion of what will happen or is happening to either our Forces or their machinery. It is a jibe at the promulgators of the argument stated above. In fact our government has taken steps to rectify the deplorable state of some of our equipment. Let us look at what our Forces really do.

The Canadian Forces are, of course, here primarily to defend our sovereignty. Whether or not they are adequate to the task is a question we shall look at later. Secondly, they are our Coast Guard and rescue team as well. If a plane is lost in the vast tracts of land in the north, or a ship is lost off the Canadian coast, it is they who are charged with finding the waif and who respond by mounting a massive search operation. It follows that any statement of the size of Canada carries an agreement that a highly trained and specialized group is essential to perform this task. It has to

be easier to let the Forces handle this nasty service than to train, equip, and deploy a new body of men.

High on the list of important areas of operation of the Forces is that they serve as an economic unit as well. Ottawa uses them as an economic bolster by situating bases in areas that would otherwise die out. In fact there have been recent mumblings from the Department of National Defense about closing some

of the less strategically useful bases, but such a decision is fraught with danger for the government which would certainly lose popular support if inhabited areas became ghost towns.

If then the Canadian Forces serve a function or two in our society, it stands to reason that they have a right to some of the taxpayers' money and most of all, to exist. Things like how large the Forces should be, their composition,

deployment, and more importantly, how much of our money they receive, are questions which will be looked at later as we examine an example of an operation of the Forces, and what importance it has to Canada both economically and to our image abroad and at home.

Next:  
The Canadian Forces in Europe  
or:  
I didn't know VolksWagen made Tanks!

## PEON SUTIINOAD

ASPIRING ACTORS & ACTRESSES

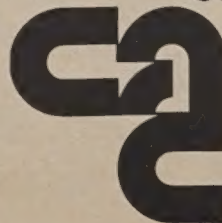
"HEED THE CALL"

for SEPT. 23RD

T.V. STUDIO

12-4 P.M.

OPEN AUDITIONS

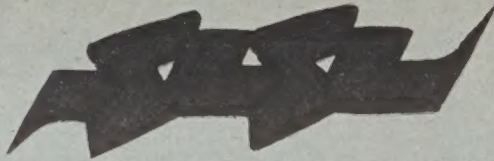


CULTURAL AFFAIRS COMMITTEE

M  
E  
L  
O  
D  
R  
A  
M  
A

V  
I  
C  
T  
O  
R  
I  
A  
N





## ORIENTATION WEEK

- monday* OPEN HOUSE in the  
STUDENT COUNCIL OFFICE  
FREE REFRESHMENTS
- tuesday* FROSH PUB NIGHT  
the Whipping Post Pub  
SURPRISE SPECIALS  
ENTERTAINMENT by the  
A.W. Movement
- wednesday* PRINCIPAL'S DINNER  
Invitation only  
Meeting Place & Patio
- thursday* BONFIRE in the STUDENT VILLAGE
- friday* ORIENTATION DANCE  
featuring "NIGHTHAWK"  
8 p.m. in the Meeting Place
- 

### *coming events*

HAYRIDE in the Valley  
September 23 (Friday)  
FREE REFRESHMENTS

OKTOBERFEST 1977 Sept. 30th

*all events sponsored by  
the Services Commission  
and SCSC*